

VOL. 9 No. 2

APRIL

TARGET COMICS



TARGET



10¢

THIS ISSUE OF **TARGET** IS PACKED WITH **52 PAGES** OF FUN AND ADVENTURE! *Featuring* KIT CARTER, GARY STARK, CANDID CHARLIE *and others!*



WEB COMIC
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TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

A Reminder From the Editors

February 22 to 29 is Brotherhood Week. Help preserve democracy at home and peace throughout the world by observing it. The best way to do this: Be friendly and tolerant toward people of every nationality, color, and religion, this week and every week!

THE READERS WRITE:

Who'd like a pen pal in Australia?

Dear Sir:

I have just read your July copy of TARGET COMICS which I received from a friend of mine who has a pen-friend in Canada. I am wondering if you could through TARGET COMICS obtain a pen-friend for me. I am fifteen and enjoy movies and sports immensely. I am in high school but I believe that the schools over there are graded differently to ours here. I enjoyed the TARGET COMICS very much and I know that you will do whatever you can for me.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
Dorothy Yunker
171 George Street
Bundaberg, Queensland
Australia

TARGET COMICS is a No. 1 favorite in this sanatorium.

Dear Editors:

First of all I want to tell you what a wonderful comic you have in TARGET. All of your stories are so swell that it's kind of hard for me to pick out my favorites. I especially like your "Q's and A's." Please keep them in your swell book always. Since I am in a sanatorium, I am not able to get TARGET COMICS every month, but when I do get it I always read it and then pass it along to my friends here in my ward. TARGET COMICS is tops with all of us. Keep up your good work and keep TARGET COMICS on the newsstands.

Sincerely,
Joseph Andrade
Santa Barbara, Calif.

A good word for Lulu and Ginny.

Dear Editors:

I enjoy reading your comic very much. I especially like the illustrations and the covers. I like "The Cadet" best, next "Bull's Eye Bill," "Gary Stark," "Target

and the Targeteers," "The Chameleon," and last of all "Candid Charlie." I like all of the written stories. I also enjoy reading "Targetoons."

Please have girls in every issue of TARGET COMICS, especially in "The Cadet." I believe they help the boys (Kit and Dan) very much by giving them spirit. I especially like red-haired Lulu.

Please keep up the good work and the faithful readers will continue buying your fine magazine.

A faithful reader,
Lillian Dansereau
Claremont, N. H.

Surveys field, finds TARGET tops.

Dear Editors:

I believe that your magazine is just about tops. After all, I should know; my father operates a magazine stand and I get a chance to read and criticize all comic books. I like "The Cadet" best and "Candid Charlie" rates second. My reason for selecting "The Cadet" is that it gives many boys an idea of college life. It also gives an example of what the real American youth should be like.

I would like also to say that I mention your magazine when selling comic books. More power to your magazine.

A TARGET rooster,
Jimmy Strittmater
Paducah, Ky.

Congratulations to Milt Hammer from Eileen Lotz.

Dear Editors:

I have so far collected twenty TARGET COMICS. I think they are cleverly written.

I would especially like to thank Milt Hammer for writing such funny "Targetoons." You see, I take care of a little girl six years old and when I read her "Targetoons" it seems to keep her contented. So keep up the good work.

Yours truly,
Eileen Lotz
Omaha, Neb.

TARGET characters seem real to Mary.

Dear Editors:

Yesterday I went down to the newsstand to buy a comic. I had no particular comic in mind. I saw yours and liked the name so I bought it. I'm glad to know that I made a good choice and from now on I'm going to be a regular reader of your comic.

For one thing the characters seem human and alive. None of the characters have superhuman strength and none of them ever get into and out of fantastic situations that can never happen. I also like the comic cartoons.

Yours truly,
Mary Quinn
Bronx, N. Y.

Finds TARGET worth reading.

Dear Editors:

After finishing your December issue of TARGET COMICS I'd like to say this about it.

Your comic book was the first comic book I ever read. The colors on the cover were dashing and bright. I couldn't help reading the book. I'm glad to say that I know at least one joke book isn't trash.

Hats off to you and the other editors who realize that joke books are as good as other books and line up to that standard.

A real TARGET fan,
Iris Mund
Bronx, N. Y.

Frank reads every one he can get.

Dear Sirs:

Your comic books is very interesting: no wonder I read every one I can get. I think "The Cadet" is the best and the "Targetoons" funny. Also I like to question my friends on the "Q's and A's." Good luck to my favorite comic.

Sincerely,
Frank Lane
Oklahoma City, Okla.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



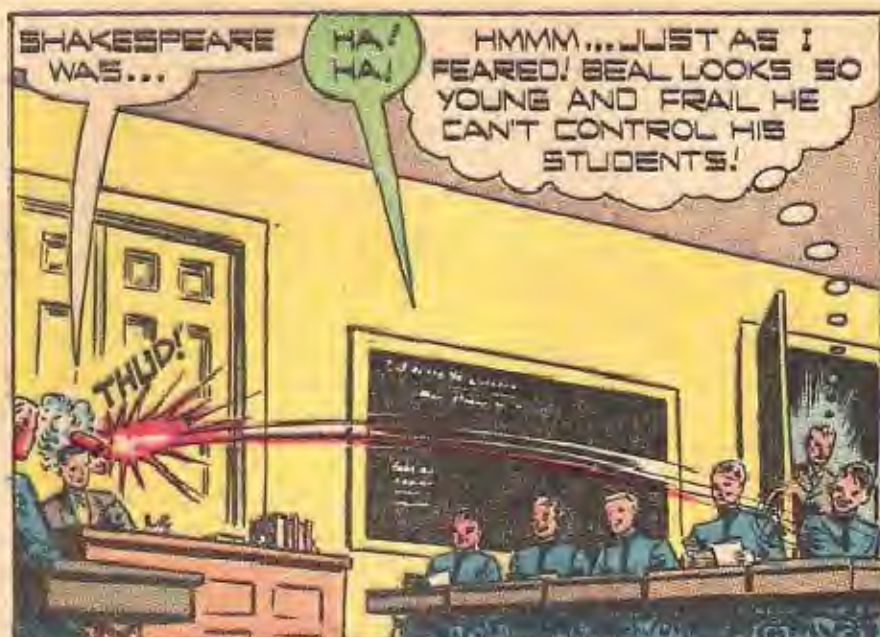
KIT CARTER AND
DAN MERRY DUEL
WITH WITS AS WELL
AS FOILS IN THEIR
FIGHT TO SAVE A
MAN'S CAREER!

I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW
TOM BEAL, OUR NEW
ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR,
IS FARING.



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Phillip E. Moonan, Assistant Manager
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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KIT PASSES THE ENGLISH ROOM A FEW MINUTES LATER.

WHAT'S THE IDEA, BABBLY?

IT'S A PRACTICAL JOKE ON CHOWDER-HEAD BEAL. THE PAIL IS FULL OF ROTTEN EGGS AND TOMATOES!

GET IT? WHEN BEAL COMES OUT, HE'LL SLIP ON THIS GREASE AND GRAB FOR THE ROPE, THUS EMPTYING THE PAIL OVER HIM. CLEVER, EH?

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM A BREAK?

KIT SHOVES BACK AT BABBLY, WHO SKIDS ON THE GREASE.

AW, YOU'RE A WET BLANKET, CARTER! GET OUTTA MY WAY!

I LIKE JOKES, TOO. HOW ABOUT A DEMONSTRATION?

BABBLY INSTINCTIVELY CLUTCHES THE ROPE!

LSH!

SPLAT!

HA, HA! YOUR JOKE BACKFIRED, BABBLY, WHICH MAKES IT FUNNIER!

NOBODY HURT, I HOPE.

Q No. 1. What American author's stories are noted for their unexpected endings?

NOW THAT PUNK, BEAL, IS LAUGHING AT ME. I'LL MAKE HIM PAY FOR THAT! BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO PUT ON THE GOOD-SPORT ACT.



ASIDE, KIT SPEAKS TO MR. BEAL.

ER...UH...DO YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL ATHLETIC SKILL, MR. BEAL? PERHAPS YOU COULD PROVE THAT YOU'RE NOT AS...UH...FRAIL AS SOME OF THESE DOPES THINK!

HMM...MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA. MATTER OF FACT, I USED TO DO A LITTLE FENCING.



GUESS THE JOKE'S ON ME...ANY OF YOU GUYS WANT TO PRACTICE FENCING WITH ME?

NOPE. YOU'RE THE BEST FENCER IN SCHOOL AND JOKE'S WITH A SWORD WOULDN'T BE FUNNY!



BABBLY OVERHEARS.

WELL, WELL, SO YOU FENCE, TOO!

HOW ABOUT PUTTING ON AN EXHIBITION WITH ME?

HERE'S A CHANCE TO SHOW HIM UP!



SPREAD THE WORD, FELLOWS! BROOKS VERSUS BEAL IN THE GYM TONIGHT! WE OUGHTA DRAW A FULL HOUSE!

O NO! I'D RATHER NOT!



WHAT'S WRONG? AFRAID OF A MERE STUDENT?

I'D LIKE TO SAVE BROOKS'S FACE, BUT THE BOYS WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

HUH!

VERY WELL, I'LL MEET YOU, BROOKS.



A No. 1. Those of O'Henry. His real name was William Sidney Porter.

THIS'LL BE FUN! I'LL MAKE
A PINCLUSHION OUT OF THAT
MAMMA'S BOY!



THAT EVENING, AS BABBY RUMMAGES
THROUGH SOME OLD SPORTS
MAGAZINES...



BEAL A CHAMP! HE'LL MAKE ME
LOOK LIKE A SAPI. I'LL BE A CAMPUS
JOKE, UNLESS I DO SOMETHING
QUICK!



IF HE DOESN'T SHOW UP,
HE CAN'T SHOW ME UP!



ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE MATCH, TOM
BEAL STARTS HIS CAR, THEN...



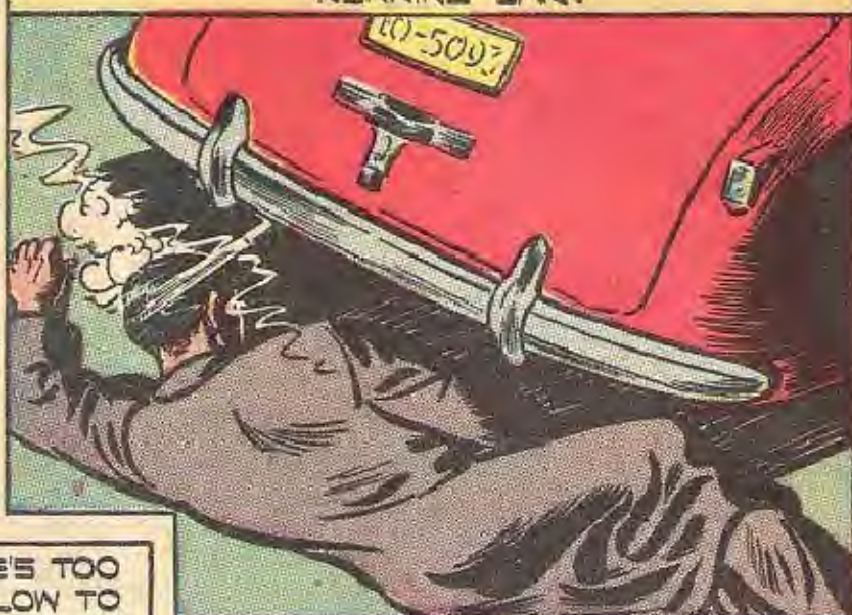
GOOD BREAK! I'LL SLAM THE
DOORS SHUT AND LOCK HIM IN!



BABBLY SLAMS THE DOOR, UNWITTINGLY KNOCKING BEAL OUT!



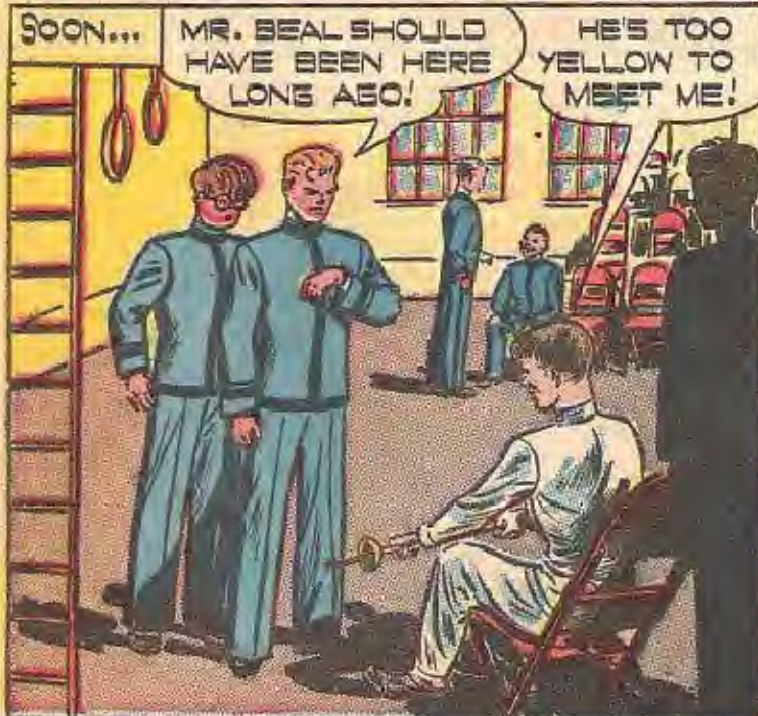
DEADLY CARBON MONOXIDE POURS FROM THE RUNNING CAR.



SOON...

MR. BEAL SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LONG AGO!

HE'S TOO YELLOW TO MEET ME!



I CAN'T BELIEVE MR. BEAL IS A COWARD. SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM!

LET'S LEAVE!

WHAT A FLOP BEAL TURNED OUT TO BE!



DAN, KEEP THE CROWD FROM LEAVING. FENCE WITH BABBLY WHILE I GET BEAL.

GOSH, I CAN'T FENCE, BUT I'LL TRY!



LET'S PUT ON A MATCH FOR THE CROWD, BABBLY!

SURE! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO BEAT YOU!



DAN MAKES A VALIANT BUT CLUMSY FENCER.



DAN TRIES ON HIS OWN FOIL.



KIT HURRIES TO BEAL'S QUARTERS.



A MOMENT LATER...



Q No. 3. In the story above, what made Beal become unconscious?

BACK AT THE GYM...

THIS GETS BORING.
I'D LIKE SOME REAL
COMPETITION!

AT LAST!

HERE'S YOUR
COMPETITION,
BABBEY!

UHF!

BEAL SOON SHOWS HIS MASTERY OVER BABBEY.

I THINK I'LL
BE GOING NOW.
I'VE HAD
ENOUGH.

NOT SO
FAST, CHUM!
GET IN
THERE AND
FENCE!

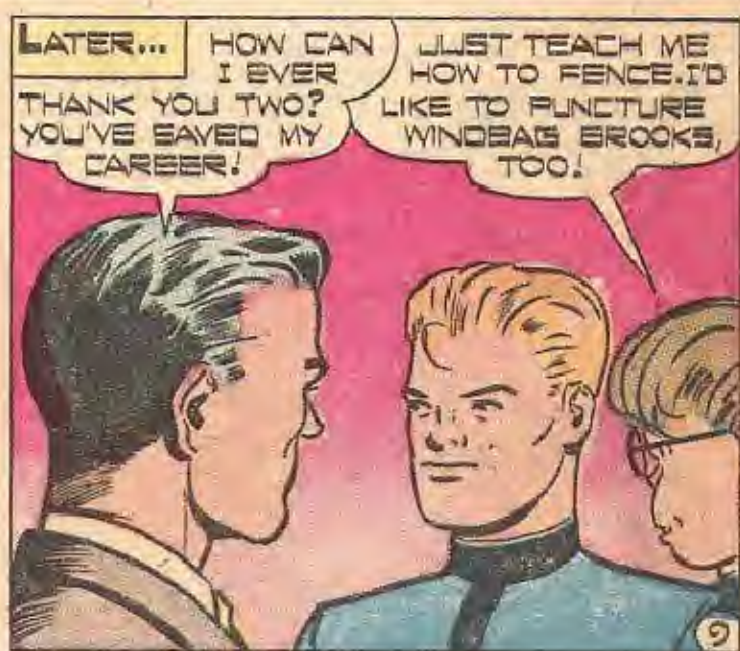
TOUCHÉ! BEAL KNOWS HIS STUFF!
HE MAKES BROOKS LOOK SILLY!

HURRAY FOR MR. BEAL!
HE OUGHT TO COACH
OUR NEW FENCING
TEAM!

DON'T TAKE THIS TOO SERIOUSLY,
BROOKS. IT'S ONLY A DEMONSTRATION!

AAAH
NUTE!

A No. 2. Carbon monoxide, a very poisonous, colorless, odorless gas.





© Milt Hammer



BOYS! EARN
this Super Keen
HUNTING KNIFE & SHEATH

Send Name, Address and Age for FREE Prize Circular, and my JUNIOR MERCHANT Plan. No obligation.

ANDY ANDREWS
 Dept. 501, 2000 Tate Ave.
 Cleveland 9, Ohio

ALMOST A GIFT Here's an offer to stamp collectors that's almost a gift. A set of 8 different Palestine Pictorial stamps showing Jerusalem, Rachel's Tomb, Mosque of Omar, etc. (printed in Arabic, Hebrew and English); 10 different Vatican City stamps showing St. Peter's Keys to Heaven, Arms of Pope Pius, Triple Crown, etc. (all of these stamps have been sold for 5c apiece); scarce Costa Rica Fish Triangle Stamp, fine Australia Kookaburra Bird (Laughing Jackass) Stamp, beautiful Australia Lyre Bird stamp, New large Norway stamp, all sent to approval applicants for only 10c.

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YOU'LL GO FOR
KRUMBLES!



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G'WAY—HOW CAN
YOUR BROTHER BE
A PLUMBER IN A
TOBACCO STORE?

HA! HA! HE
HAS CHARGE OF
THE PIPES!

POOOOF!

NEW
SMOKELESS
TOBACCO
OPORLESS

SPLASH

POOPY
HAMMER



I DON'T SEE WHERE
THAT SEWING MACHINE
FELL ON YOUR HEAD!!

(OUCH) AW-CAN'T
YOU SEE THE
STITCHES?

?

TARGET

AND THE

TARGETEERS

EVEN PURE WHITE MILK CAN'T HIDE THE BLACK CRIME OF THE RACKETEERS WHO FIGHT VICIOUSLY AGAINST THAT TROUBLE-SHOOTING TRIO, TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS!



MR. MILLER, HEAD OF THE MILLER MILK COMPANY, CALLS ON NILES REED, THE TARGET

REED, THE FARMERS KEEP BILLING ME FOR MILK WHICH I NEVER GET! MY TRUCKS HAVEN'T COLLECTED A DROP IN THE PAST WEEK!

THAT'S A CONSARNED LIE!

TROUBLE-SHOOTERS AGENCY

NILES REED
TOM BROWN
DAVE FOSTER





IMPOSSIBLE! MY TRUCKS
CAME BACK EMPTY! MY
CUSTOMERS ARE YOWLING
BECAUSE I CAN'T
SUPPLY 'EM!



THIS
VERY MORNIN'
THE MILLER TRUCKS
PICKED UP 20 CANS O'
MILK FROM OUR ROADSIDE
MILK STATION! SEED IT
WITH MY OWN EYES!



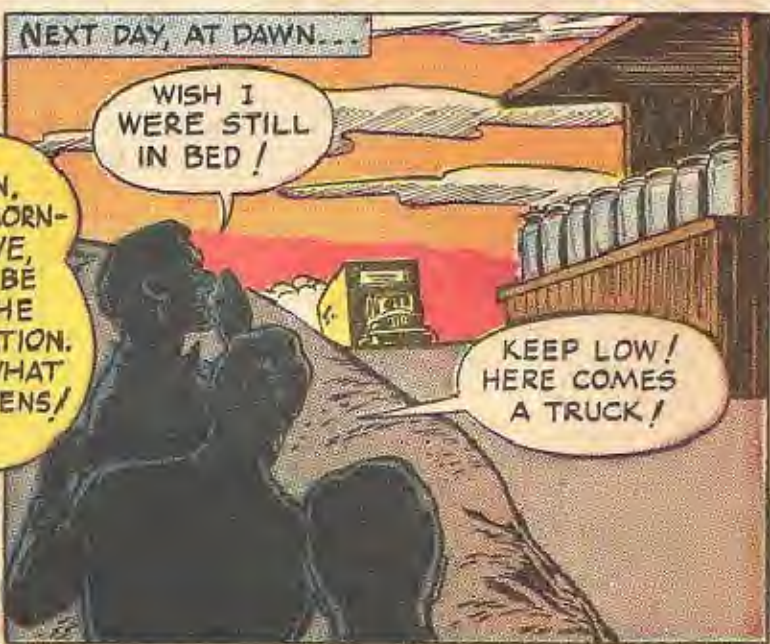
YOU'RE
A-LYIN'!

I'LL SHOW
YOU...

TAKE IT EASY BOYS!
THIS IS THE TROUBLE-
SHOOTERS' PROBLEM
NOW!



GENTLEMEN,
TOMORROW MORN-
ING TOM, DAVE,
AND I WILL BE
HIDING AT THE
PICKUP STATION.
WE'LL SEE WHAT
REALLY HAPPENS!



NEXT DAY, AT DAWN...

WISH I
WERE STILL
IN BED!

KEEP LOW!
HERE COMES
A TRUCK!



HOP TO IT, GUYS.
GET THAT MILK
ON, BUT FAST!

CHALK ONE UP
FOR THE FARMERS!
THAT'S A MILLER
TRUCK!



COME ON, BOYS!
LET'S SEE WHAT
HAPPENS NEXT!

IN A FEW MINUTES THE TRUCK IS
LOADED AND DRIVES OFF.

THE TRUCK STOPS JUST BEFORE REACHING TOWN AND...

THEY'RE CHANGING THE SIGN ON THE TRUCK!



THE OLD SWITCHEROO!
NO WONDER THE FARMERS
SWEAR THAT MILLER
PICKS UP THEIR MILK...



...AND NO
WONDER THAT
MILLER SWEARS
HE NEVER GETS
IT! THIS DAPPER
DAIRY IS A NEW
OUTFIT... AND
IT MUST BE A
TRICKY ONE!



HEY, YOU GUYS!
COME ON OVER HERE
AND HELP US
UNLOAD!



MEANWHILE...

HEAR THAT, BOYS?
STRIP FOR ACTION!
I'LL GO OUT FIRST.
YOU TWO WAIT AND
TAKE 'EM BY
SURPRISE!



POWK!
IT'S THE
TARGET!

SO WHAT?
KNOCK HIM
COLD!

WERE YOU
REFERRING
TO ME?



POC!



Q No. 5. What American League baseball player made the best pitching record in 1946?



THE POLICE WILL LIKE TO SEE THESE RECORDS, AND YOU TOO, JOE! YOU TRIED TO KILL TOO MANY BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!

BY TAKING THE MILK IN MILLER'S NAME YOU HURT THE REPUTATION OF YOUR CHIEF COMPETITOR... AND THEN YOU SOLD THE STOLEN MILK FOR A CLEAR PROFIT!



LET'S GO, JOE!

HUH! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT. MY BOYS ARE TOUGH AND READY TO SHOOT!



HE'S RIGHT, NILES! THE WHOLE GANG HAS GUNS NOW!

A HOT SPOT, BUT SOME ICE FROM THE REFRIGERATION ROOM OUGHT TO COOL THINGS OFF!



THEY USE THIS SLIDE TO LOAD ICE ON THE MILK TRUCKS, BUT I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA!



THE ICE CAKES SPEED DOWN AND ACROSS THE FLOOR, SPILLING THE THUGS!

GET SOME BIG BLOCKS, DAVE! WE'LL TAKE JOE AND RIDE RIGHT THRU THOSE MONKEYS!



A MOMENT LATER...

THIS IS
FUN, EH
JOE?



THESE BOYS AREN'T
SO GOOD AT HITTING
MOVING TARGETS -OR-
TARGETEERS!

YIPPEE!
WE'LL
REACH THE
DOOR!

AND I'VE GOT
JOE'S KEY!

MIND SHIELDING
US FROM YOUR
THUGS' BULLETS A
MOMENT, JOE?



THERE! THAT'LL
HOLD 'EM TILL THE
COPS GET HERE -
AND PUT THEM ON
ICE FOR AWHILE.

LATER...

THANKS A MILLION FOR
PUTTING THOSE DAPPER
DAIRY SCOUNDRELS BEHIND
BARS!

SECRETARY TINA CONGRATULATES HER BOSSES.

YOU SAVED
ME PLENTY
OF MONEY,
MR. REED!

THE TARGETEERS MAY
NOT BE MILKMEN, BUT
THEY ALWAYS DELIVER!

Speck, Spot and Sie

HEY, FELLAS! A MONKEY
ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO!
THEY'RE OFFERING A
REWARD FOR IT!

A MONKEY!
LET'S FIND
IT!

HUH?

ARF
ARF!

Art by
VINCENT.

LOOK, HERE'S
HIS PICTURE!



LET'S SEPARATE
AND GO LOOK
FOR HIM!

O.K! SO LONG!
LET US KNOW
IF YOU HAVE
ANY LUCK!

LOOK,
THERE
HE IS!

THAT'S
HIM!
LET'S
GO!

CHEE-CHEE-
CHEE-

HE'S
IN
THE
TREE
NOW!

LAST
ONE UP
THE TREE
IS A
MONKEY'S
UNCLE!



THERE
HE GOES
AGAIN!

HE'S THE JUMPING-
EST MONKEY I
EVER SAW!



ALL THIS
CLIMBING
IS MAKING
ME FEEL
LIKE
TARZAN!

I'M
JUST
GETTING
MY
SECOND
WIND!

CHEE-
CHEE-

DO YOU
SEE HIM,
SPECK?



QUIET, EVERYBODY! MAYBE
I CAN CREEP UP ON HIM!
HOLD STILL, DOMINO!

EEK!



BUT JUST AS SPECK'S ABOUT TO
TOUCH HIM, DOMINO DISAPPEARS
OVER THE TOP OF THE ROOF.

A-A-A-A-A
-A-A-A-

EEK!



SPECK, SIS, AND THEIR FRIENDS RACE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARN, BUT DOMINO, THE MONKEY, IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT.



HE ISN'T IN HERE!

NOW WE'LL HAVE TO START LOOKING ALL OVER AGAIN!

AW, GEE, WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?

TWO HOURS LATER....



GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO CALL IT A DAY! LET'S LOOK TOMORROW!

OK!-- GOOD-NIGHT!

WHEN SPECK AWAKES THE NEXT MORNING...



MY GOSH!

EEEEEE!



DOMINO! WAIT A MINUTE!

EEEP! CAN'T CATCH ME!

SPECK AND SIS LURE DOMINO WITH A BANANA.



AHHH!

UMM! FOOD!

MEANWHILE, A COUPLE OF EARLY BIRDS ARE PROWLING THE STREETS... BRICKBATT AND HALFBATT...



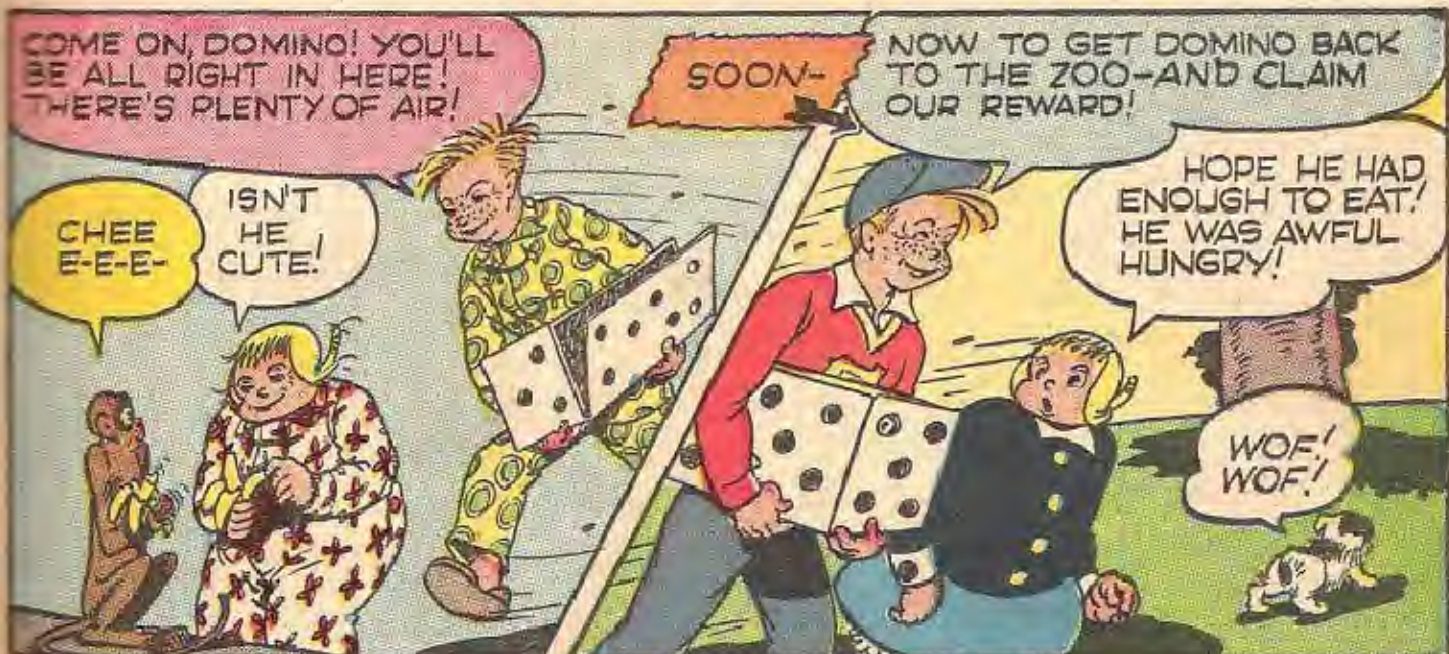
GEE, SEVENTY-FIVE BUCKS AIN'T BAD FOR CATCHING THAT MONK! IF--HEY! WOT'S DAT GOON, SPECK, UP TO?

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT DE MONKEY IN HIS CLUTCHES!



I GOT AN IDEAR--LISTEN....BZZZZ!

HMMM!





CELEBRATION



CLAIRE FOSTER had pedaled all the way from town to the old Dryden homestead, where her sister Midge lived with her husband, Ross Dryden. Claire loved the rambling simplicity of the old family manse, but she had wondered often if Midge didn't get lonely, while Ross, who commuted to the city each day, was at work.

So it was with a good deal of enthusiasm that she burst into the broad living room with its paneled wainscot under flowered wallpaper. She saw Midge, curled contentedly in the chintz-covered wing chair, look up in surprise from the novel she was reading.

"Why, Claire darling," she cried, as she laid down the book, "what on earth brought you way out here?"

Claire sprang to the love seat with a bound and then unwrapped her legs from beneath her, as she saw the look of annoyance on Midge's face, and dropped her feet from the slip cover onto the wine-colored carpet.

"The most wonderful thing has happened!" she said excitedly. "Mother and Dad and I have taken a boarder!"

Midge's face took on an expression of horror.

"Claire! You can't mean it!"

"Oh, don't get a rash," Claire went on. "It's a veteran who works for Dad. He has no place to live. And we're running a campaign in our club to find space for people who need living quarters."

"And I bet you were in back of it, too," said Midge. "Oh, Claire, how could you?"

Claire frowned and her face fell.

"I thought you'd be glad," she told Midge. "I thought, besides, with all this space . . ."

Midge gasped in astonishment. "You mean you thought Ross and I would let *perfect strangers* live here with us . . . right in our own home?"

"Look, honey, Miss Parker is a wonderful club leader, but that just isn't done. I mean . . ." Claire rose, pouting. Midge followed her. "Claire, you haven't really *promised* anything."

"If I have, it doesn't matter," Claire answered. She started for the door. Midge caught her arm.

"Please, Claire, don't be angry!"

"No," Claire replied, "but I've got to help Mother."

"Then place your bicycle in the back of the car, dear. I'm meeting Ross at the station."

March weather can be tricky. When Claire had arrived at the Dryden homestead, the sun, shining brightly, had outshone the clouds gathering in the blue. Now the sky was overcast and a sharp wind blew increasingly heavy flurries of snow about.

"How would you ever have ridden your bicycle home in this?" Midge asked. Claire shrugged, glumly silent, unable to disguise her disappointment. She had so wanted to have Midge agree to turn over some of her many rooms to a family without a roof over their heads.

By the time they reached the end of the paved highway, the snow already coated the ground.

"Better take the State Highway," said Claire. "You know that narrow hill in the middle of Woods Road. With this snow storm . . ."

Midge replied, half impatiently, "Ross and I are going to the Millers' house for dinner. Ross expects to close a big deal with Tom Miller. He'll be furious if we're late." She stepped on the gas.

Woods Road was narrow all the way and filled with ruts and hummocks. The powerful car jounced and rocked. Midge clung to the wheel, settling into a determined silence. Claire grasped the handle of the door. The storm grew worse, the wind increased.

"Hang on," mumbled Midge. "I've got to take this corner fast so as to be ready to climb the hill."

The springs groaned as the car picked up speed. Midge pulled on the wheel with all her strength. The car swerved. The big tire of the rear wheel jumped from the rut, rode the crown of another one, hit a patch of snow-covered ice. Both girls screamed as the body of the car lunged off the shoulder of the road and crashed into a tree.

Midge broke into tears of dismay and exasperation. "Oh, dear!" she cried. "The car's ruined!"

"Probably not as badly as we think," Claire replied.

The storm assumed blizzard proportions and it became evident to both of them that no one was likely to drive through Woods Road that night.

"We'll freeze to death before anyone comes," Midge said, shuddering.

Claire pressed her sister's hand. "I read that it's not good to run the motor when the car is stalled. Sometimes the exhaust smoke gets inside."

"I think it's carbon monoxide. But I don't think it would be serious if we just did it a little while, to keep warm."

Claire reached for the keys. "Ixnay, Sis. They say you're overcome before you know it." Then her eyes brightened. "You know what? I'm going for help."

Midge screamed because she could not help it. "Claire, no! It's already dark. You can't!"

"Use the blanket, Midge. It will keep you warm enough. I think I remember there are houses a mile or so down the road."

Without waiting to listen for her sister's protest, Claire stepped outside. The wind now was a roaring fury. She had to duck her head and bow into it. The snow had already drifted inches deep in places and the temperature, she judged, was below freezing.

Every step she took was an effort greater than her strength. "How much farther, God?" she whispered to herself.

Claire did not know how long she had been plodding down the road. But it was with blind faith that she sensed a light off in the woods to the right.

It was a shack in the trees and the light coming through the window was a

bright yellow. She knocked, the feeling all gone from her fingers. The door opened and a man, rough hewn and grizzly, stood in the opening.

"My sister is down the road," Claire gasped. "Our car skidded at the foot of the hill!"

"Come in, child," the man said. "'Tain't no night to be out. I'll hitch up the horse and sleigh. You make yourself comfortable. Nary a spot of food here, but there's coffee and the fire's good."

Claire sank into a broad rustic chair. Gradually the warmth of the fire soaked into her. She did not know she was falling asleep, but suddenly there was a commotion at the door. She stood up, startled. Midge was at the door with the owner of the house. Ross was there, too. He crossed the room and picked Claire up in his arms and kissed her.

"Claire, honey, you're a heroine. We've been here an hour, but we didn't want to wake you until we'd spread the sandwiches on the table."

Midge smiled. "And I've been talking with Ross, darling. We're going to take that family you mentioned." She hesitated. "I guess I've been selfish, but I learned a great deal from you and the fire in Mr. Granville's hearth."

The owner smiled, but Claire gave a whoop of joy.

"Honest, Midge? This is a real celebration, then. Let's eat!"

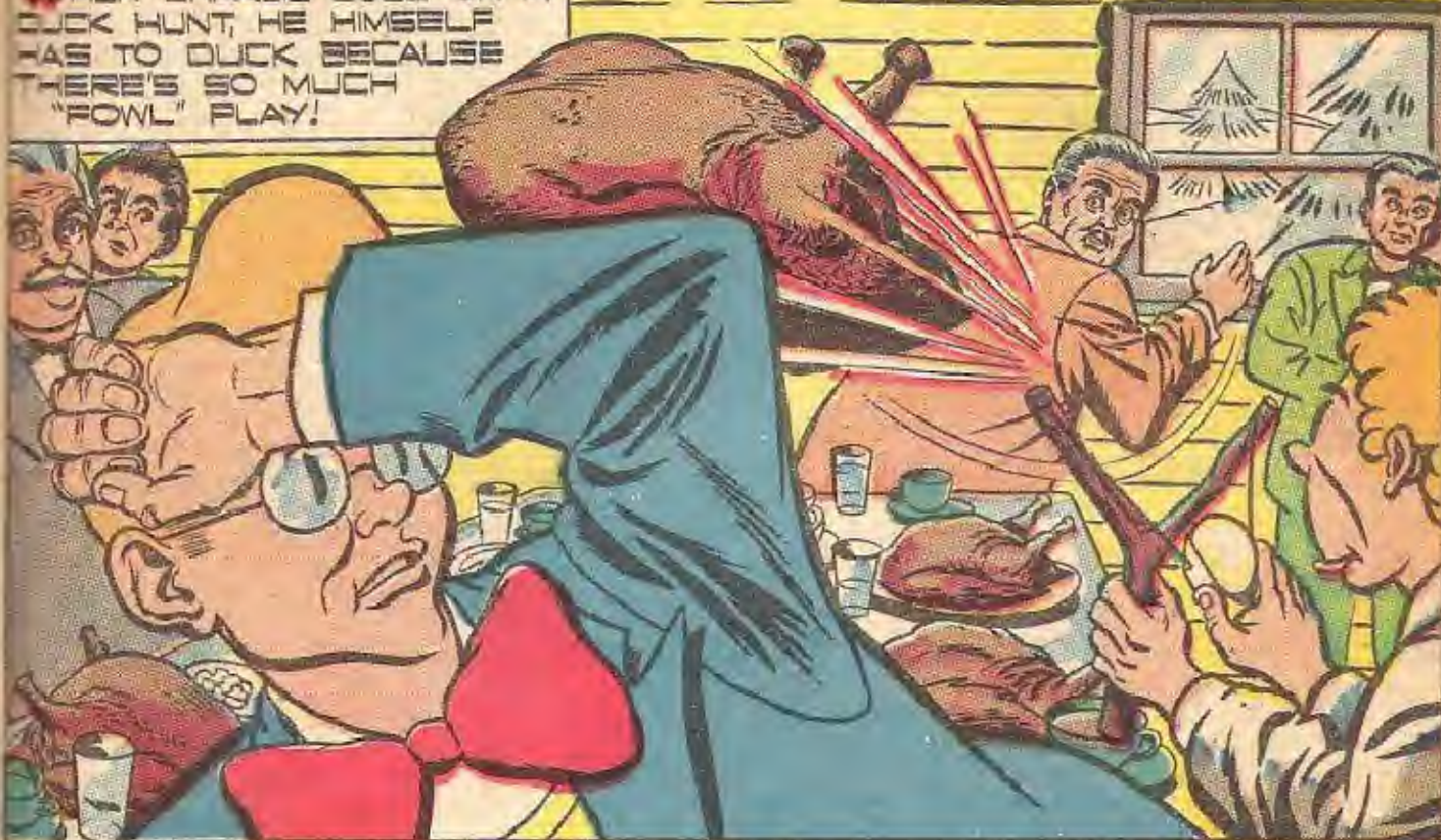
CANDID

CHARLIE

ROBERT Q. SALE



WHEN CHARLIE GOES ON A DUCK HUNT, HE HIMSELF HAS TO DUCK BECAUSE THERE'S SO MUCH "FOWL" PLAY!



DAWN OF A CHILLY MORNING FINDS CHARLIE AND MERKIN AT THE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.

(YAWN) WHY AIN'T WE HOME IN BED?

YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME GET RIX OF THE HUNTERS IN ACTION--REMEMBER?

OUR CLUB IS DONATING A VALUABLE PRIZE TO THE FIRST MAN TO BAG THE SIX-DUCK LIMIT! LET'S MAKE THE FIRST DAY OF THE HUNTING SEASON A HAPPY ONE!



Q No. 9. What one word means to cook in boiling water, and to trespass and hunt illegally.



WE ALL KNOW YOU'RE THE BEST HUNTER, MR. TUMWART. MAY MERKIN AND I GO ALONE WITH YOU?

GOODNESS, NO!



I'LL HAVE NO CAMERA FIENDS NEAR ME TO JUMP UP AND SPOIL THE SHOOTING! I MEAN TO WIN THE PRIZE!



GO TO THE EASTERN HUNTING GROUNDS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE INLET! I'LL BE IN THE WEST--WHERE ALL THE DUCKS COME!

GOSH, MR. TUMWART, PLEASE--

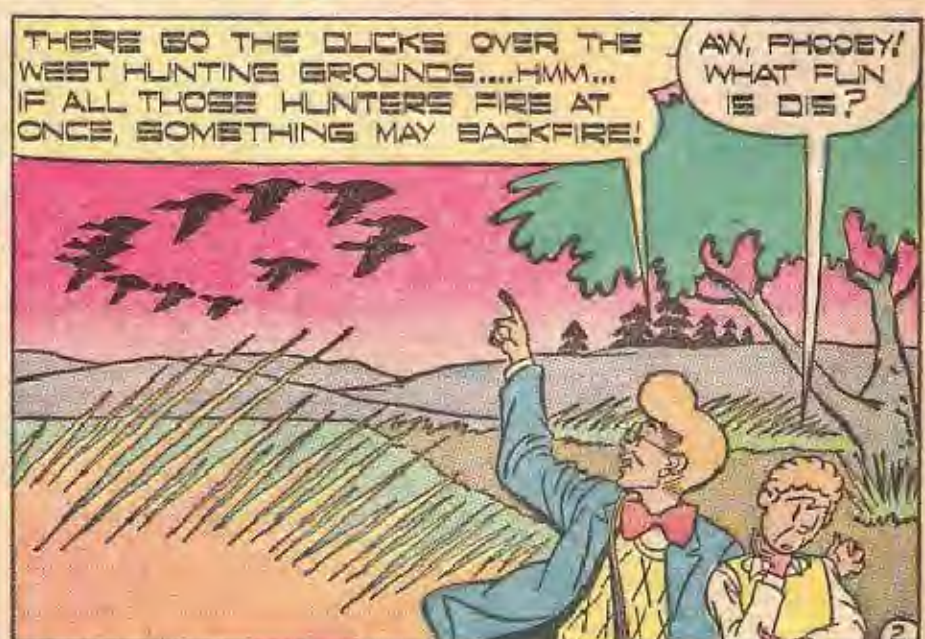


YOU KIDS LISTEN TO ME! GO!

PSET! BZZ-Z-- LET'S STICK CLOSE TO TUMWART, HE KNOWS HIS STUFF!



LATER-- BRRR--WHAT A FLOP DIS IS! WE WALK MILES AROUND DA INLET TO GET OVER HERE --AND ALL DA HUNTERS STAY ON DA OTHER SIDE TO BE NEAR TUMWART! HOW CAN YA TAKE PICTURES DAT WAY?



THERE GO THE DUCKS OVER THE WEST HUNTING GROUNDS...IMM... IF ALL THOSE HUNTERS FIRE AT ONCE, SOMETHING MAY BACKFIRE!

AW, PHOOEY! WHAT FUN IS DIS?

OVER AT THE WEST HUNTING GROUNDS--

HERE'S
HERE
TUMWART
GOES INTO
ACTION!

LET 'EM
HAVE
IT, BOYS!

BOY, TUMWART
PICKED A
SWELL SPOT!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

FRIGHTENED BY THE CON-
CENTRATED VOLLEY, THE
DUCKS VEER
EASTWARD!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

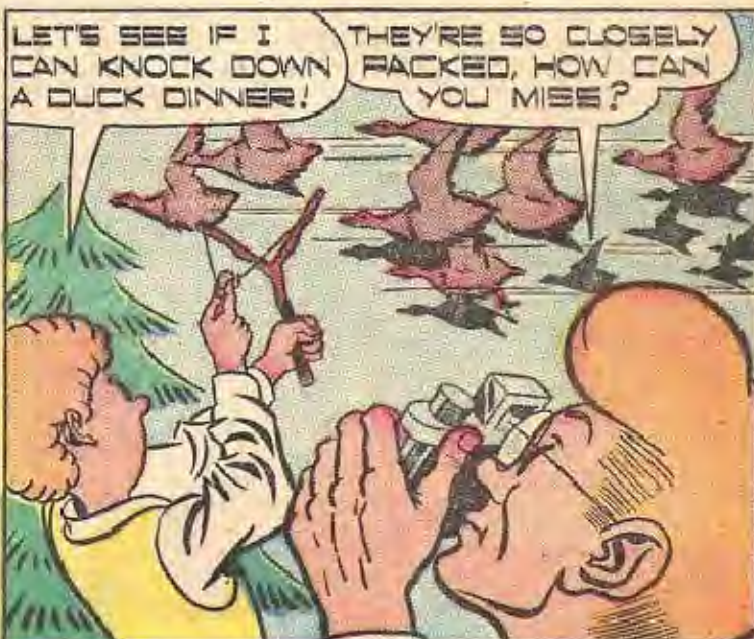


HERE COME THE DUCKS,
MERKIN! AND SO LOW
THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO
GET GOOD
PICTURES!

THAT
GIVES
ME AN
IDEA!

LET'S SEE IF I
CAN KNOCK DOWN
A DUCK DINNER!

THEY'RE SO CLOSELY
PACKED, HOW CAN
YOU MISS?



SOON-- IT'S RAINING
DUCKS! KEEP
IT UP, MERKIN! I'M
GETTING SOME
SWELL ACTION
SHOTS!

IN A FEW MINUTES--

YOU'VE BAGGED THE
LIMIT! YOU'LL GET THE
PRIZE! THIS IS AN
OPEN CONTEST--ANY
KIND OF WEAPON IS
OKAY!

OH BOY, TUMWART
IS GONNA HATE
TO SEE DIS!
HEH, HEH!



MEANWHILE, TUMWART HAS ROWED ACROSS THE INLET IN PURSUIT OF THE DUCKS.



IF A MERE UNARMED BRAT TAKES THE PRIZE, I'LL BE A LAUGHING STOCK! I CAN'T LET THIS HAPPEN!

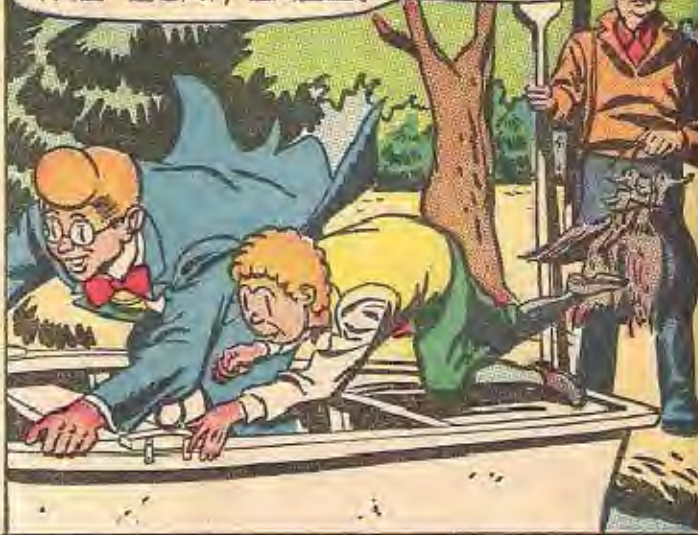


CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS! HERE, TAKE THE BOAT. IT'S A FASTER WAY TO REACH THE CLUBHOUSE.

SWELL! I'M AFRAID WE MISJUDGED YOU, MR. TUMWART. YOU SURE ARE A GOOD SPORT!



I'LL HOLD THE DUCKS WHILE YOU GET INTO THE BOAT, LADS!



SUDDENLY, TUMWART SHOVS THE BOAT OUT INTO THE CURRENT!



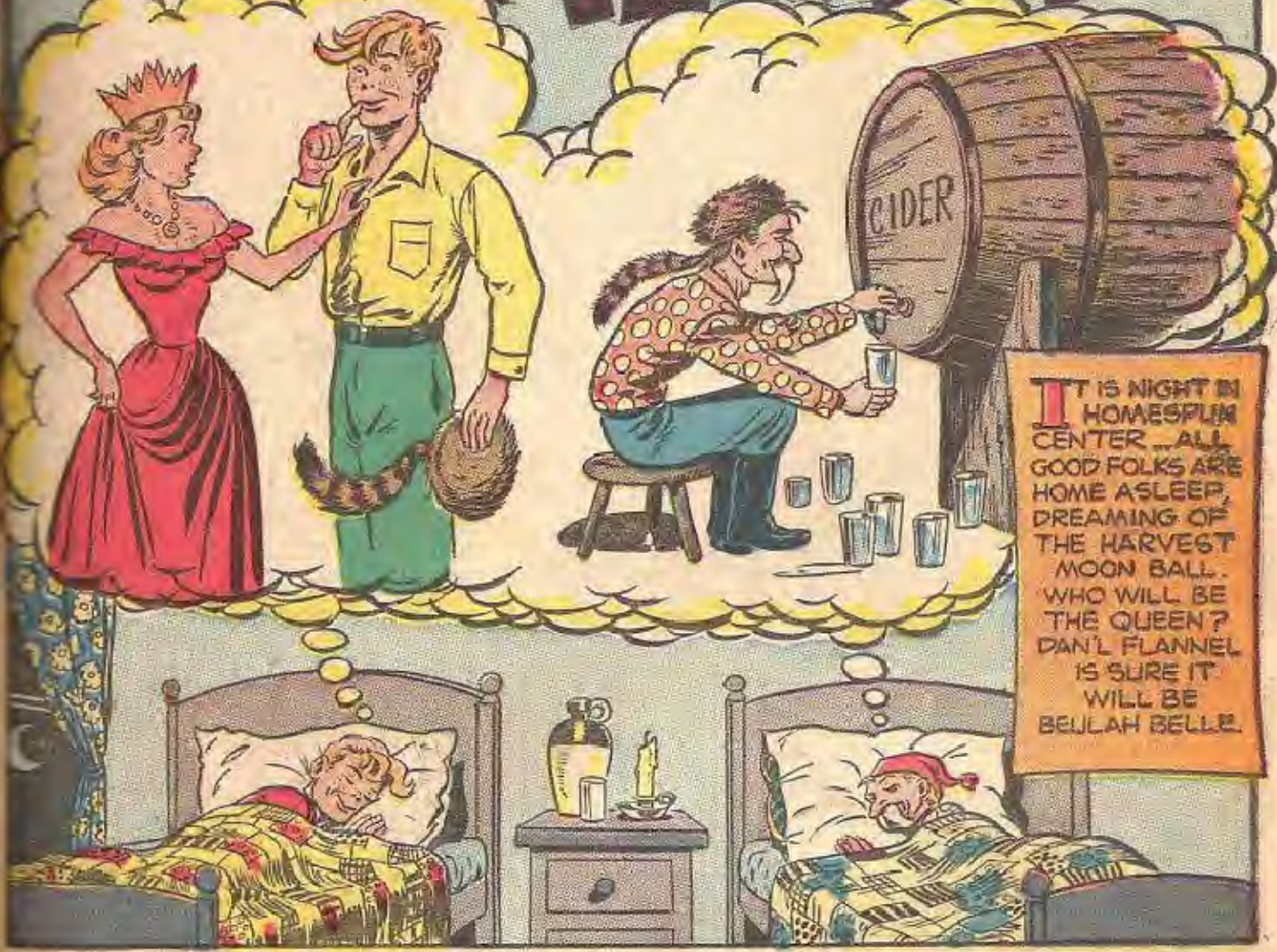
IT'LL TAKE HOURS FOR YOU TO PADDLE TO SHORE WITH YOUR HANDS, ESPECIALLY AGAINST THE CURRENT! MEANWHILE, I'LL CLAIM THE PRIZE!







DAN'L FLANNEL



IT IS NIGHT IN HOMESPUN CENTER...ALL GOOD FOLKS ARE HOME ASLEEP, DREAMING OF THE HARVEST MOON BALL. WHO WILL BE THE QUEEN? DAN'L FLANNEL IS SURE IT WILL BE BEULAH BELLE.



WHERE'S THE FIRE, DAN'L?

SOUNDS AS IF BEULAH BELLE'S IN TROUBLE.

HALP, DAN'L! THIEVES!

THEY WENT THAT-AWAY! AN' GRAMMA BELLE'S NECKLACE IS GONE, TOO!

YOU MEAN THE HEIRLOOM'S GONE?

LEMME AT 'EM!





Q No. 12 Complete: "The Legend of Sleepy ____." Hint: Use a word from Picture 6.



NOW, YOU LITTLE
SAW'D-OFF...

HE'S
A-WEARIN'
ONE RED-
AN' BLUE
GARTER...
THE CLUE!

AIM TO
SPOIL
MAH
CHANCE
FOR
QUEEN
DO
YO'?

MAH JOOLS.
THEY IS
COME BACK!

GIMME
BACK
GRAMMA'S
JOOLS!

STAND BY, FOLKS,
FOR THE JUDGES!

MOST ORIGINAL AN' MOST
PRETTY / AH AIMS TO MAKE
YO' QUEEN O' THE
HARVEST MOON BALL!

THE END

3 in 1

AIR PISTOL



\$3.49
3 for \$9.50

Sorry, No C.O.D.
Orders at These Cash Prices
IT SHOTS ALL THREE—regular BB's, metal PELLETS or STEEL DARTS. It has a great variety of uses from ordinary target work to hitting objects. The darts can be used over and over again. Summer or winter, spring or fall—this gun will be **YOUR EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION.**
Ruggedly Built, Full Size Gun, Modeled After Famous Target Pistol
A beauty in looks and a wonder in performance. Has fast, single action compression chamber. Single shot. Easy loading and cocking—a pull of the plunger and it's ready to shoot. No pumping—just one action. Plenty of compression from the large air chamber and strong spring. Modeled after famous target pistol. Has non-slip moulded grip. Sturdy die-cast metal construction with machined steel operating parts for maximum accuracy. **FULL SIZE GUN—OVER 3 INCHES LONG BY 4 1/2 INCHES DEEP. WEIGHS 15 OUNCES.**
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BB's, Regular package, 3 packages for.....25c
177 PELLETS, 500 for.....\$1.50
STEEL DARTS, Per package.....35c
PAPER TARGETS.....25 for 10c; 100 for 25c

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IT SHOTS ALL THREE—regular BB's, metal PELLETS or STEEL DARTS. It has a great variety of uses from ordinary target work to hitting objects. The darts can be used over and over again. Summer or winter, spring or fall—this gun will be **YOUR EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION.**
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BETCHA DON'T KNOW WHY THE EARTH TURNS ALL SIDES TOWARD THE SUN!

I DO TOO. 'CAUSE IT DOESN'T WANT TO BE SUNBURNED TOO MUCH ON ONE SIDE !!



MILF HAMMER

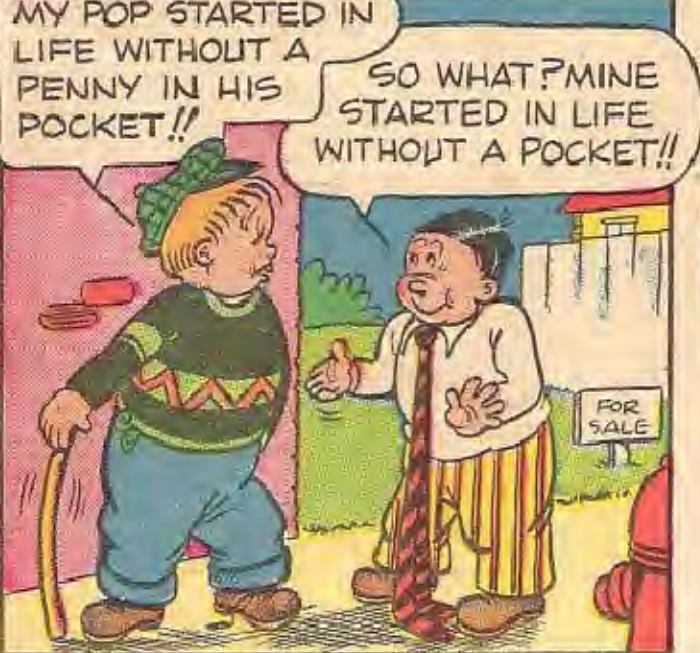
G'WAY—HOW CAN YOUR MOM BE A RADIO ENGINEER IN A BEAUTY SHOP?

VERY EASILY, CHUM. SHE CONTROLS THE HAIR WAVES!!!



MY POP STARTED IN LIFE WITHOUT A PENNY IN HIS POCKET!!

SO WHAT? MINE STARTED IN LIFE WITHOUT A POCKET!!



FOR SALE

I SLEEP WITH AN OPEN WINDOW!!

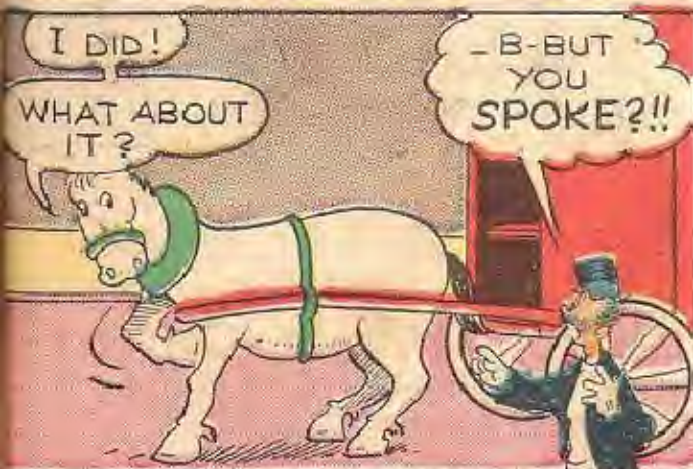
NOT ME—I SLEEP ALONE!!



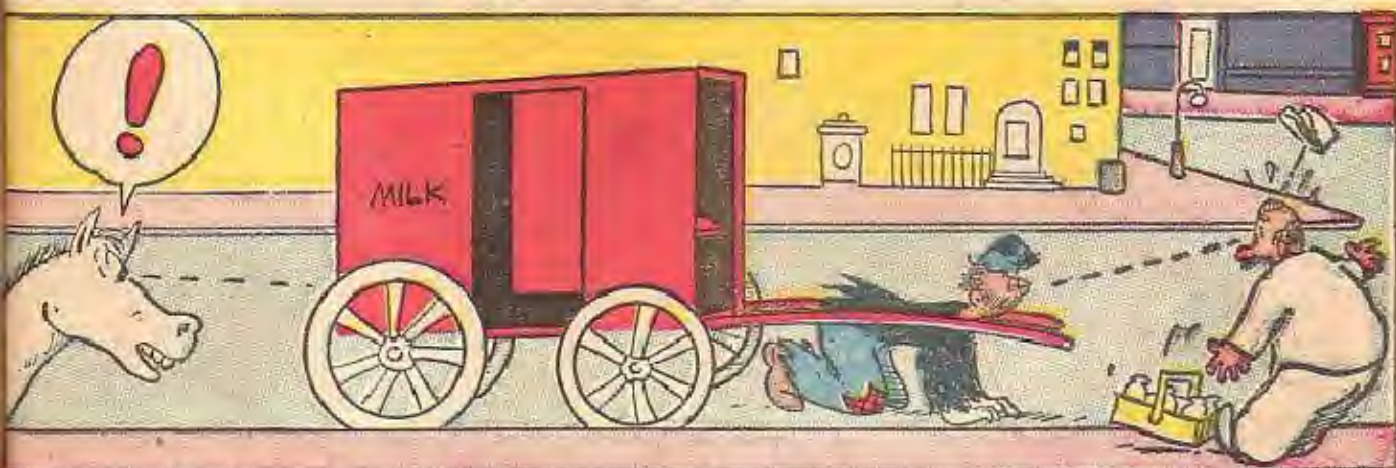
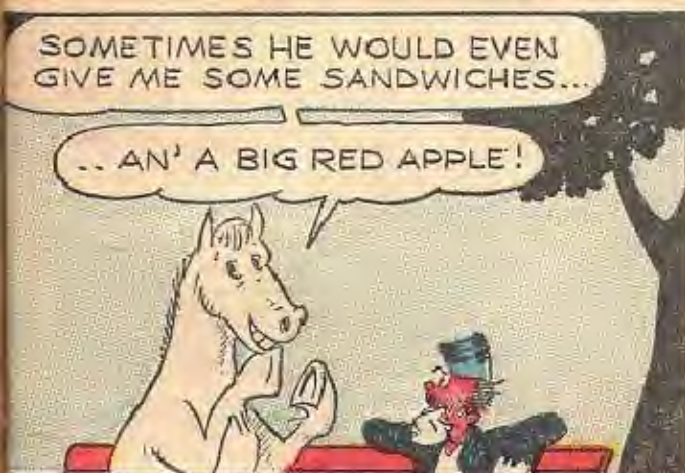
HEATHCLIFF

THE HOBO

BY ART HELFANT







GARY STARK

BY
DON
RICO

ALL IS PEACEFUL FOR GARY STARK, AT LEAST FOR THE PRESENT. BOB CARTER AND NAILS HARRIGAN SHOW UP IN TIME TO SAVE HIM FROM A FALSE MURDER CHARGE, AND ARNOLD KOMAR, THE REAL MURDERER, IS IN JAIL AWAITING TRIAL FOR CARLO'S KILLING.

SUCH IS THE PICTURE AS WE LOOK IN ON THE REUNION OF THE FRIENDS.



NEXT TIME YE RUN OUT ON US, YE SCALLPEEN, I'LL LAY THE BACK O'MY HAND ON YE!

OKAY, NAILS! I KNOW NOW THAT I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!

—AND NOW WE GO BACK TO THE STATES! OUR PLANE LEAVES IN THE MORNING!

BUT THE AMERICAN CONSUL, ALBERT MATHEY, THEIR HOST, HAS SOMETHING TO SAY.

ER... DO YOU BOYS HAVE TO GO BACK SO SOON?

EH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN SIR?





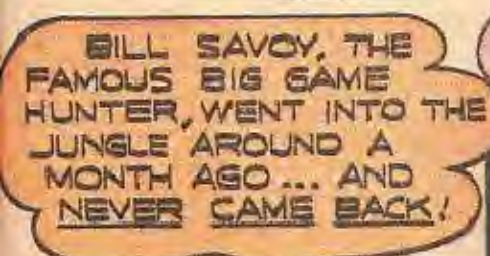
WELL, THERE'S A LITTLE JOB TO BE DONE FOR THE CONSULATE!

WE WERE PLANNING TO RETURN HOME AT ONCE...



SURE... AND WHAT IS IT YE WANT US TO DO FOR YE, SIR?

I KNOW YOU BOYS AND WHAT YOU'RE CAPABLE OF DOING. THIS JOB IS RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY... IF YOU'LL TAKE IT.



BILL SAVOY, THE FAMOUS BIG GAME HUNTER, WENT INTO THE JUNGLE AROUND A MONTH AGO... AND NEVER CAME BACK!



GOSH!

HE VANISHED NEAR THE HIDDEN ESTATE OF AN ECCENTRIC OLD RECLUSE, SCHUYLER VAN RIDDER, WHO HAD WARNED SAVOY NOT TO HUNT NEAR HIS PLACE!



THE OLD MAN FEELS THAT ALL THE BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE ARE HIS FRIENDS, AND HE IS STRONGLY OPPOSED TO KILLING THEM! SAVOY HUNTED THERE ANYWAY... AND WE NEVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN!



BUT WASN'T THIS VAN RIDDER GUY QUESTIONED?

OF COURSE. BUT WE GOT NOWHERE. STILL, WE'RE POSITIVE HE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO SAVOY!



NOW... IF A SMART FELLOW LIKE YOU, BOB, CAN GET INTO THE OLD MAN'S GOOD GRACES... AND LOOK AROUND HIS ESTATE... WELL...

NO! I WON'T DO IT!



I WANT TO RELAX, I TELL YOU! I'M TIRED OF RUNNING AROUND! I DON'T WANT TO LOOK FOR SOME GUY WHO GOT LOST IN THE WOODS!



WHO DOES THAT MATHEY THINK HE IS ANYWAY, ASKING ME TO TURN BOY SCOUT?



JUST THEN THE LOUDSPEAKER BLARES OUT...

PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE BOARD PLANE SIX FOR MIAMI!



THAT'S US! LET'S GO!

BUT BOB...

IT'S NO USE, GARY!

WELL... I GUESS IT'S BACK TO THE STATES FOR US!

HEY! THE PLANE'S THAT WAY!

IS IT? WHICH WAY TO VAN RIDDER'S PLACE?

WHEEE!



LET'S GO! YOU DON'T THINK I COULD REST IF I KNEW THAT POOR GUY WAS OUT IN THAT JUNGLE, DO YOU?

THAT'S OUR BOBBY!



LATER... IN THE JUNGLE

BAH! I NEVER GET ANY PEACE!

LOOK! WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S A BELT... AND LOOK
AT THE INITIALS ON THE
BUCKLE!



IT'S
OUR
BOY!



BUT THEIR MOVEMENTS ARE WATCHED

WELL, AT
LEAST WE'RE
ON THE RIGHT
TRACK!



SUDDENLY -



JEEPER'S!

WHAT
WAS
THAT?

STAND BACK, FELLOWS!
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



HUH?

BE GORRA!
IT'S A
LEPRECHAUN!

I WANT
TO KNOW
WHAT
YOU DO
IN JUNGLE!

NO. IT'S
A MIDGET
NATIVE!

C-CAREFUL,
BOB!

WHAT
YOU
WANT?



I BOW TO YOU,
O COUSIN OF THE
LITTLE PEOPLE OF
ERIN! WE ARE
LOOKING FOR THE
HOME OF MR. VAN
RIDDER!



ME WATCHMAN OF
VAN RIDDER HOME!
YOU GO NO
FARTHER!

ARE
YOU
GOING
TO STOP
US?



C'MON! THIS IS
ENOUGH FOOLING
AROUND! LET'S
GO!

NO!
YOU NO
GO!



SUDDENLY—

OMIGOSH!



I SAY AGAIN —
YOU GO NO
FARTHER!

YOU'RE
TELLING
US!



BUT WE
WOULD BE
GRATEFUL
IF YOU'D
TELL YOUR
MASTER
WE'D
LIKE TO
SEE
HIM!

THAT IS
BETTER!
ME LIKE
SOFT
WORDS!
YOU WAIT
HERE —
ME GO!







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